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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XXVI.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1893.

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Official Directory.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS:
HON. SAMUEL BYRNS, Tenth District
Potosi, Mo.
U. S. LAND OFFICE—J. C. NELL,
Register; WM. B. NEWMAN, Receiver,
Ironton, Mo.
J. FRANK GREEN, Judge Twenty-Sixth
Judicial, De Soto, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY.

COURTS:
CIRCUIT COURT is held on the
Fourth Monday in April and October.
COUNTY COURT convenes on the
First Monday of March, June, September
and December.
PROBATE COURT is held on the First
Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

OFFICERS:
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Presiding Judge County
Court.
CHARLES HART, County Judge, South
District.
R. J. HILL, County Judge, Western Dis-
trict.
J. S. JORDAN, Prosecuting Attorney.
F. W. WHITNEY, Collector.
W. A. FLETCHER, County Clerk.
JOS. HUFF, Circuit Clerk.
FRANZ DINGER, Probate Judge.
D. F. REESE, Treasurer.
W. H. FISHER, Sheriff.
S. P. REYNOLDS, Assessor.
G. W. HILL, Coroner.
J. T. AKE, Public Adm'r, Ironton.
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor.
A. P. VANCE, School Commissioner.

Y OFFICERS:
Mayor, W. T. Gay.
Marshal, J. L. Baldwin.
City Attorney, J. H. Hornet, Pastor.
City Clerk, W. G. Fairchild.
City Treasurer, D. F. Reese.
Collector, J. L. Baldwin.
City Councilmen—W. R. Edgar, J. N.
Bishop, A. Begley, J. M. Reel, M. Claybaugh
and J. H. Hornet.
Street Committee—A. Begley, Jno. Baldwin
and M. Claybaugh.
Fire Committee—J. M. Reel, Jno. Baldwin
and M. Claybaugh.
Health Committee—W. R. Edgar, J. N.
Bishop and A. Begley.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College
and Pilot Knob. L. C. WERNERT, Rector.
High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College
every Sunday at 8 o'clock. At St. Mary's
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4
o'clock. P. M. High Mass and Sermon and
Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church
at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School for
children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.
M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and
Mountain Streets, Ironton. Rev. H.
WHITEHEAD, Pastor. Services every Sab-
bath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School
9:30 A. M. Class Meeting Sunday afternoon
at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday
evening. All are invited.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill,
between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. H.
WHITEHEAD, Pastor. Services every Sun-
day at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting
every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock. Sab-
bath School at 9:30 A. M.
BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,
near Knob street, F. M. SHOOT, Pastor.
Residence Ironton. Preaching on every
Saturday before the first Sunday of each
month at 2:30 P. M. and on the first and third
Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School every
Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting
every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.
LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.
Rev. OTTO FRANK, Pastor.
M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd
and Washington streets, Ironton. D. J.
KENOLT, pastor.

SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K.
of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every Fri-
day evening at Odd-Fellows' Hall.
J. H. HOLLOMAN, C. C.
C. DEMIER, K. of R. & S.
IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. A. P. VANCE, N. 3.
E. D. AKE, Recording Secretary.
IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I.
O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-
day evenings of every month in Odd-Fel-
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
G. D. MARKS, C. P. I. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133,
A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner
Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of or
preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M.
W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.
MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A.,
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W.
R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. E. D. AKE, Sec-
retary.
VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870,
KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in
Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate
Wednesday. W. A. F. VANCE,
D. IRA A. MARSHALL, Reporter.
EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.
F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
Saturday of each month.
IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R.,
meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays
of each month at 2 P. M.
FRANZ DINGER, P. C.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.
IRONTON CAMP, No. 160, Sons of
Veterans, meet every 1st and 3d Saturday
evening, each month, and every Tuesday
evening for drill. C. C. DINGER,
C. R. PECK, First Sergeant.
PILOT KNOB.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O.
U. W. meets every 2d and 4th Friday
evening, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union
Church.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 158, I. O. O.
F., meets every Tuesday evening at their
hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.
IRON LODGE, No. 30, SONS OF HE-
RMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday
of each month. WM. STEFFENS, President.
VAL EFFINGER, Secretary.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430,
A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or
before the full moon. LOUIS EFFINGER, W. M.
J. A. PARKER, Secretary.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 260, I.
O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week.
JNO. DOWNEY, S. G.
J. A. PARKER, Sec'y.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293,
A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third
Friday of each month.
BELLEVUE.
MOSATC LODGE, No. 351, A. F. & A.
M., meets on Saturday night or after the
full moon. E. M. LOGAN, W. M. E. J.
HILL, Secretary.
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DEALER IN
EVERYTHING SOLD IN A FIRST-CLASS
Drug Store

Just Received, a Large Stock of
Seasonable Goods,
Guaranteed to be the Best.
SPECIAL ATTENTION
To Compounding Physicians' Prescriptions and Family
Recipes at All Hours. All the
STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Will take Pleasure in Obtaining for You any Medicine, or
Other Article, on Short Notice.
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UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
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Will keep a full line of Undertakers' Goods on hand
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We Have a FINE HEARSE,
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Offices—Half-Way House, North Ironton,
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GENERAL
Undertakers,
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Have a full line of UNDERTAKING GOODS, of All Classes and Kinds. All
Orders by Telegraph promptly executed. We have
A FINE NEW HEARSE
of Latest Style, that will be Furnished on Application.
Office One Door North of V. Effinger's; also, at Ebrecht's
Blacksmith Shop.

Georgia Constitutionals.

THE MARCHING OF THE MULES.
While they're jawin' there, at Wash-
in'ton, an' waitin' for a place,
We're happy here, in Georgia, where
we've got amazin' grace!
We're a-makin' of a livin', and we're
workin' by the rules
An' keepin' time like music to the
marchin' of the mules!
You kin hear us in the mornin', at the
very peep o' day
A-hitchin' up fer business an' jest sing-
in' on the way!
Fer we all have graduated from the
politician's schools
An' we're keepin' time like music to the
marchin' of the mules!

SPRINGTIME IN GEORGIA.
The milk-white clouds are sailin'
Higher in the blue,
And spring is jest a trailin'
Her roses in the dew;
An' the farmer—he's a-rallin'
At the mule and cotton, too.

Two Pines in Missouri.

Half a century ago, when Southeast
Missouri was only a suggestion of its
present self, there lived a small settle-
ment of pioneers in a certain district,
that you would hardly recognize should
I show it to you as it then appeared.
Mammoth trees then spread their
towering branches in a protecting
manner over the rich, loose soil, all of
which was soon to be disturbed by the
aggressive hand of man. On the sloping
hillsides, which inclosed this large
body of partly cultivated land, there
grew, tall and straight, the swaying
pines, sighing as they rocked to and
fro. Along the sturdy little creek
which coursed by the mountain's edge,
was one farm that pushed itself into
prominence by simple comparison with
its neighbors.

The owner of these acres was a per-
sonage of importance in this new
growth of civilization. A man of strong
will and firm belief in his own power,
he made it doubly so by his apparent
success as a farmer. This neighbor,
for whom we will assume the name of
Squire Adams, in spite of his rigid ways,
never failed to come to the rescue of
those who relied upon his judgement.
So with all his stoical manners he was
not without friends; and his daughter,
a slighter reflection of himself, was
greatly esteemed for her gentle and
dignified bearing. Very lucky that
young man considered himself, who
could bask in the rays of her good
pleasure, for no one could as yet, boast
of a sentiment stronger than friendship
in return for that they gave in its full
strength.

A marked contrast existed in the be-
ing of this young lady and another
favorite of the settlement. This was a
sweet faced girl school teacher, whose
small salary sufficed to give herself
and mother a comfortable living in
that day of few wants.

Mary Bowers gave perfect satisfac-
tion as a teacher; who could help being
popular, with so many big brothers at
home to silence; the little brothers in
an occasional grievance with "the
teacher." Yes, what a difference the
little teacher and Miss Georgia present-
ed. The latter's large aristocratic
features expressed "Miss Georgia,"
and not, as might have been, "Georgy."
And Miss Mary was—"Mary."

What came next in this little history
was a man, Joe Haines. Handsome,
kind-hearted, indolent "French Joe,"
had come to try his fortune where
labor, only, meant success. The
French blood in Joe's veins, had dwindle
into a few drops interspersed with
the stronger flow of his English parentage.
He verified his French character
however, in the minds of his pioneer
friends, by his taste and skill as a vi-
olinist and dancer. It is not surprising
then, that this gay young man should
turn the heads of all the pretty girls in
the neighborhood. At first he devoted
a greater part of his time to the fair-
haired little schoolmistress, who gave
him immediate possession of her own
warm heart as his rightful property.

Then, shame to the spirit love, there
came a day when three souls were
made miserable. The cold, pretty face
of Miss Georgia warmed into radiant
blushes by Joe Haines' open admiration
turned the tide of three lives forever.
Joe was not blind to the feelings which
Mary could not altogether hide; for
few women will willingly show their
weakness to their own shame. Could
she be blamed though, for returning
what she at first thought was given
her? Joe pined her; the same pity
that is killing to us all. But then
what could he do; he loved Georgia,
and she loved him. "But you
can't live on love," the Squire told
him, and that is what he meant. Love
was the only thing they possessed, and
hunting was a poor way to obtain more.
Thus the Squire reasoned, and Georgia
would not oppose her father. Joe
walked back to his little neglected
hillside farm, in company with a very
ruffled temper. Was it necessary that

that Squire Adams should throw up to
him his loose ways? He knew that al-
ready, and did he not intend starting
anew after his marriage. And Georgia
too, why did she side with her father?
Joe was not to be driven into action.
The next morning found him in a more
obstinate mood, and he determined to
have a thorough understanding with the
Squire's daughter, then or never!
It was as he might have expected,
Georgia was as firm as her father;
though he could not see in his blind-
ness, what the effort cost her. His
reproaches only widened the gulf be-
tween them, and Joe left with the firm
conviction of her inconsistency.

This is not meant to be fiction, but
simple and real life in some of its var-
ied forms. Joe was but a man, and,
though he may have acted very unlike
a hero, he acted as many have done
before and since.
Was it wonderful that his thoughts
should turn to Mary? Not the girl of
his heart to be sure, but then he once
thought so, and Mary loved him.
Those were a few happy days for Mary;
Joe did not thinkingly deceive her; it
was his nature to be tender with all
pretty women. Mary knew of his dif-
ference with Georgia. But then she
thought: "Joe doesn't seem to feel it
much, and I believe he does care for
me."

So they were married, Joseph Haines
to Mary Bowers, one beautiful spring
morning, and Mary went to live in the
little house on the hillside. Mrs.
Bowers was no longer a widow, having
changed her name at the request of a
well-to-do old bachelor, and was happy.

Days and months went by and the
young wife was alternately happy and
miserable; she was not long in decid-
ing she had made a mistake. Her
husband was very kind to her in every
way but one; though he seemed to find
more consolation in solitary rambles
with his gun and dog, Georgia's face
was ever present in his mind's eye—a
sad, longing face, it appeared to him—
that spoke of despair to both. It was
plain to his wife, that Joe was no less
unhappy than herself, but she was de-
termined he should find no fault in her.
No, Joe could not; why could he not
love her? It is something that can
hardly be explained, this momentary
love, or infatuation, and the slumber-
eternal love both existing at the same
time. And time alone will prove which
is stronger of the two.

The cold winter months were drag-
ging themselves by, and Joe continued
to gather a harvest of fresh meat in
plentiful store. Little encouragingly
could be said of the lonely hearts on
the hillside. Mary had a look of resig-
nation on her face, and had a fixed
purpose to live if only to love. The
other found much in his little wife to ad-
mire, and often wished he could make
her happier. The time came and only
too soon, Joe afterwards often thought.
One evening he returned rather earlier
than usual, having helped to drive his
and a neighbor's cattle to market that
day. On entering the house he found
it vacated. The next moment he heard
his dog, which had been with him,
howling somewhere outside. He found
the noise came from the barn, and run-
ning there, he found his wife lying
motionless upon the stable-floor. He
lifted her carefully in his arms and
carried her into the house. She had
fallen from the loft in the attempt to
find eggs for Joe's supper; he saw it
all. After much diligence on his part,
Joe saw signs of returning life. Mary
presently opened her eyes and again
closed them. Then she was conscious
of some one holding her hand, and felt
warm tears and kisses upon her cheek.
She opened her eyes again, it was Joe.
Her little arms were around his big
body, and his face was buried in the
pillow with remorse. "And you really
love me Joe," she said faintly? He
could only answer with his tears.
Days passed, and Mary never com-
plained. She felt the pain in her back
very little, but was unable to rise. It
was never present with her when Joe
was near, as he was now most constant-
ly. That this painful pleasure would
not last long, was apparent to all.
Nearly a month had past since her in-
jury, when she lay with her hand
clashed in Joe's, talking in a low voice.
"I can't stay with you here always,
Joe," she said. "And you love me?"
"Oh! none other," Joe answered in a
choking voice.

"You never did love her Joe?"
"No, no. And she is to be married
soon," he said quietly.

"Joe will you lay me out there under
the two pines?" the dying girl asked.
He pressed her hand and his heart
went out with his sob. Heaven and
earth seemed to join hands that night,
when the earthly love ascended with
the spirit that left its love behind.

Job Work of all kinds neatly execut-
ed at this office.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Who Bab Is.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]
I presume if the question, "Who is
Bab?" has been asked me once, it has
been asked a hundred times. The
clever newspaper correspondent,
"Bab," is in reality Mrs. Mallon. She
is by birth a Baltimore woman, her
grandparents belonging to the old
Sloan family, in Hartford county, Md.
He full maiden name is Isabel Allerdice
Sloan. When quite young she met
William Mellon, an Irish gentleman,
and she was married to him in New
York city.

Then for four years she lived in Ire-
land and afterward in London. She
returned to New York in 1883, and a
year later her husband died. Then
she took up newspaper work, becom-
ing first connected with the New York
Star, in which her now famous "Bab's
Babble" started. The bright and tem-
perate style of these letters made a suc-
cess for their author from the begin-
ning. In 1883 she became connected
with a New York pattern publishing
house, and performed a great deal of
editorial work on one of the periodicals
issued by the firm. In 1888, upon the
demise of the Star, her "Bab" letter
was transferred to a New York syndi-
cate. At this same time she resigned
all other editorial connections to as-
sociate herself with the editorial staff
of the Ladies' Home Journal and this pe-
riodical now controls her entire time
and work, excepting her letter for the
Times. Mrs. Mallon is a young woman
and resides in a flat of her own in New
York city, where her mother lives with
her. In connection with her "Bab"
letter she has a remarkable record in
that, though she has now written it
continuously for nearly seven years she
has never missed a single week during
that time, although the work has oc-
casionally been done from a bed of
sickness.

The Australian Law.

Eight years ago the agitation began
in Missouri for the adoption of the
Australian system of secret balloting.
It was met with considerable oppo-
sition at first, but as the people began to
appreciate the manner in which voters
in large cities were kept at the mercy
of corporate interests and driven like
dumb cattle to the polls, the absolute
necessity for such a system as that of
the Australian regulation became ap-
parent.
Four years ago the new ballot act
became a law in Missouri. It com-
pletely revolutionized our voting privi-
leges and practices, and while its first
practical test was accompanied by
some misunderstandings, the general
results were indorsed and applauded.
The law is now thoroughly engrained
upon our political system, and will re-
main there, subject to such amend-
ments as changed conditions may from
time to time suggest.

The present general assembly has
enacted two important changes in the
ballot law. One is an amendment
providing that where the chairman and
secretary of a convention fail, from any
cause, to certify the nominations made,
any three or more delegates may do so.
This will relieve candidates of much
anxiety, since on several recent oc-
casions the chairman has died or the
secretary gone abroad before the pro-
per certificates of the work of conven-
tion have been filed with the county
clerk.

Another amendment provides that
hereafter no judges of election will be
permitted to enter the booth with an
elector, but will be required to make
out the disabled voter's ballot in the
presence of the judges and clerks.

These changes in the law have al-
ready received the approval of Gov.
Stone, but they will not become the
law until ninety day hence, and are
consequently not available for this
spring's municipal election.—Jefferson
City Tribune.

For Honest Politics.

The State Senate did a good stroke
of work yesterday in the adoption of
the corrupt practices act by a vote of
22 to 7.
The House can hardly fail to recog-
nize the force of the arguments for the
bill which secured it such a hand-
some majority in the Senate. A read-
ing of the measure will show that it

Children's

Children's

JOB WORK
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work in all branches of the printing
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